



Right Wing. Left Wing. Neoliberal. Fascist.

Anarchist. Libertarian.

Undecided.

TERFS. Tradfems. Radfems. Transmedicalists.

LGB without the T.

These bastards will drag you down while screaming bloody murder about how much you're hurting
them by fighting back.

How **dare** you draw blood, this could just be over quick if you'd let them **have** you as they **want**
you. They want you to tell them how **sick** you are, tell them how desperately you want to be them,
while acknowledging that you never can.

They liked you better when you had the goddamn **decency** to accept yourself as terminal.

The great walking wounded, who they could feel bad about when they had the time.

The great ally in the sky, simultaneously casting judgement from on high while dragging us down
with hands like ours, filthy with the blood and wretchedness below us. Eva Braun died in the
fucking bunker with shit between her legs right next to the man she felt gave her the very same
power.

Why do they think they'll be any different?

It's not just them though, is it?

The same is true of all of us who do everything we can to fit into a misshapen hole that society only dug out for us after enough of our number had died from exposure. We'll never be the favored pet, no matter how domesticated we make ourselves. We'll never be safe, no matter how many more of our own we devour.

We'll never be loved just because some of us take their **load**.

Allostatic or not, we all take it sooner or later

I'm not here to kink shame.

Fuck your oppressor all you want; just don't pretend they see you as an equal.

You're an **object**, and objects don't fight back. They do as they're **wielded**.

When they swing you towards the rest of us, I imagine it feels good to finally

Be the one that draws blood,

Even if it's the same color as yours, and even if you know you might be next.

Why else would so many of us work to mob those of us that dare to be angry or horny or sad?

Why would so many of us be convinced that there's some magic ratio of queerness or transness?

A state of pure nirvana we can achieve where we'll finally be loved by the boot on our necks?

Tonguing the leather so the aftertaste becomes the only flavor we recognize.

Wait are docs problematic again, I forget.

No Kink at Pride.

Just Corps.

Just Cops.

Just Cis.

Just White.

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So don't **say** fag,

don't be **a** fag,

don't **be**, fag.

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Then maybe,

maybe,

maybe they'll see you.

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Not as one of them,

but as something

that died trying

to be.



